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dreamer of Arabian Nights pageantry, nothing "new" is to be expected now—represents a Bedouin horseman, on one of those silken mares that are the poetry of the Arabian desert. By the late Daubigny there is a river view, brighter and less pensive than was usual with the artist, and showing a greater concession to human



CHAMPIGNY: DECEMBER, 1870.
(See opposite page, and article on *Detaille*, page 90.)

sympathy in the sparse houses glimpsed from distance to distance among the tall poplars and ash-trees of the farther bank. By Jules Dupré there is a large and somewhat crude example of white clouds marbling a cerulean sky, the heavens occupying half the picture; in the lower moiety, the desert "landes" stretch away to the violet sea which trims up to the horizon with its steely line of implacable flatness. A lonely laborer, his white shirt flashing in the keen morning light, goes along the irregular path which skirts a bank of sterile sand tufted with broom and scrub oak. There is a smaller Dupré, an old stone mill rotting away in the pond which festers around its walls, its wheel idle, its walls blotched and stained, and relieved against a press of crowding and deep-toned trees. A novelty among Knoedler's recent importations is a specimen of Augustus Hagborg, born at Gothemburg in Sweden. It is a flirtation under the Directoire, in the style of his instructor Palmaroli—a handsome young "incroyable" leaning over a girl on a garden bench. This youthful artist has recently sold a landscape picture to the French government, and is the proud recipient of a medal in this year's Salon. By Joseph Chelmonski, of Warsaw, there are two lively examples; in the first, a black horse, attached to a sleigh which is driven by a handsome young Thaddeus or Adam of the country, scatters the lumps of ice against the dashboard with a fine spirited action. The crucifix by the snowy wayside shows that the scene is Poland, not Russia. In the second a pair of horses draw a hirsute and fur-covered man and lady in a similar vehicle. By Pasini there is a brilliant scene of his best period—the three-arched door of a mosque, with Koran texts flashing in gold through the gloom inside, rainbow-hued worshippers thronging the steps, and a lively market-scene with squatting hucksters all around the purlieus of the sacred edifice.

Knoedler & Co. have also imported a number of new French etchings of unusual size. James Tissot, the French artist residing in London, contributes to the collection several plates representing modern British

ladies with garden backgrounds, or else relieved against scenery of shipping or Greenwich river-landscapes. It is very difficult to model flesh on this exaggerated scale in aquafortis, but M. Tissot's attempts are crowned with a success in keeping with his eminence as a painter. The etchings are not original, being copies of famous portraits like those of Franz Hals, or like that of the little Infanta Marguerite, by Velasquez, in The Louvre.

The importations at Schaus's gallery include some valuable works. By Jules Dupré there is an earnest of his exquisite landscape talents, in which a large and spreading oak is inlaid against one of the artist's glimmering and mysterious skies, subdued in every part except where the warm afternoon light burns with startling value through the lower edges of the horizon clouds. An etching of this painting, published some five years since in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" arrested Mr. Schaus's attention at the time and lingered in his memory until he found himself able to lay his hand on the original this present summer. A landscape by Corot is of considerable size and in his grandest manner, an unusual amount of definition being introduced without conflicting with his peculiar glancing suggestiveness of style. Of Troyon there is a very striking specimen, fit to be set before art students as a model to copy. For those who comprehend excellence in the "morceau" or "bit," and set greater store by it than by ambitious development of composition, this is one of the most important Troyons in the country. It is a study of a great white and brown ox, set in a landscape only definite enough to specify colors, values and reliefs. How the sunshine caresses the white creased hide of the neck and dewlap! The tones of the whites in shadow are singularly precious, sensitive, and subtly felt. There is also in the Schaus gallery a laboriously finished group of doe and fawn by Rosa Bonheur, called "Mother and Babe," covered with a glass. It was picked up in England, which accounts for the mys-

tery of our seeing it thus behind a pane. No philosopher has yet explained the dreadful British addiction to disfiguring works of art with glittering glasses, which have the unique effect of turning a picture into a mirror. As a piece of taste it is flashy and gaudy; as a preservative, it is a protector that often assaults the protected, as witness Turner's "Slave Ship," where a great deal of the paint has adhered to the glass which presses upon it, and no living man has courage enough to separate the united and homogeneous sticking-plaster. The purchaser of the Bonheur may, however, discard the crystal disguise, and then he will reap all the advantage of conservation derived from the encasement, and possess a picture fresh as if painted yesterday, while it was actually done in 1868.

We bring up this review with an American name, that of Mr. Samuel P. Avery. Among this gentleman's recent orders is an exquisite subject by Jules Breton, about three feet across, representing a girl extended in a lovely lake-landscape, gathering pond lilies. The studies of flowers and scenery were all obtained at the artist's own place at Courrières, where there is a choice of lily-pads and pond scenery. Mr. Avery having been struck by a small sketch or indication of this attractive subject, begged the painter to develop the "ébauche" into the present large and idyllic painting. From the Paris Salon of 1879 Mr. Avery purchased specimens by Merson (a new man, almost unknown here, whose subjects from the life of St. Louis have excited a lively attention, and whose great sacred triptych of 1879 represents a miracle of the Church in a miracle of painting), by Aubert and Perrault and Viry the elegant, by Desgoffe and Detti the exact, by Béranger and De Rouge and Etienne, and Kreyder and Grisson. Of eminent living painters—the standard reputations of the day—Mr. Avery's orders include the names of Gérôme, Lefebvre, Cabanel, the classical artists; Detaille and De Neuville, the battle-painters; Rico, the friend of Fortuny; Max, the thrilling interpreter of the dramatic in art; and then the entertainers in society coteries, who are invited into galleries as Sidney Smith and Ma-

caulay were invited to dinners, for their anecdotes—Vibert and Moreau and Leloir. By the great painters recently deceased, Mr. Avery has succeeded in gathering a handsome number of specimens from private collections, the principal examples being those of Couture, Corot, Diaz, Decamps, Fromentin, Millet, Rousseau, Troyon and Daubigny. The American artists, Knight, Bridgman and Richards, are also represented.

SCHOOLS OF ART AND DESIGN.

FOR the information of several of our readers at a distance, who have written to us saying that they are about to organize Schools of Design in their several localities, or desire to connect themselves with some already in existence, we present a brief review of what has already been accomplished in this country in that direction. In giving these facts, we would say that it will be a pleasure to us at any time to supplement them, when called upon to do so, by stating the resources of any particular school, the cost of attending the classes, the scope of instruction imparted, or such further information as it may be in our power to afford those interested in art education in this country. We shall also be pleased to receive information of any new movements in this direction which may have escaped our observation.

In 1806, the Art-classes of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts were established by the organized escort of seventy-one citizens with the stated object of educating students in art. In 1824, the Franklin Institute Drawing Classes were founded by the Franklin Institute, and the practical tendency of art to a close relation with industry is shown in the fact that these classes were established "for the promotion of the mechanic arts." In 1847, the Philadelphia School of Design for Women was founded by Mrs. Sarah Peter, for the "thorough industrial art education of women." It is now in a flourishing condition, is owned by the corporation, and has amply fulfilled its avowed intention of thorough instruction. The best teachers from abroad have always been employed; no hurried or slovenly work is allowed, and the standard of excellence has always been high. The



CHAMPIGNY: DECEMBER, 1870.
(See opposite page, and article on *Detaille*, page 90.)

Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art opened classes in the fall of 1877, and remembering the frequency at the Centennial of the legend "bought for the Pennsylvania Museum," it is easy to imagine the resources of Philadelphia for art study.

New York was the second city in point of time to establish art schools. In 1826, twenty years after Philadelphia had first organized classes, the artists of New York founded the art schools of the National Academy of Design, to advance art by public exhibitions and free art schools. We mention in each case the object of the school, as stated in its charter, in order to notice the beginning and trace the growth among us of industrial art.



THE DEFENCE OF CHAMPIGNY BY THE FARON DIVISION, DECEMBER, 1870.
EDOUARD DETAILLE'S PICTURE EXHIBITED THIS YEAR AT THE SALON, AND BOUGHT BY JUDGE HENRY HILTON, OF NEW YORK.

There is a certain rhythm in statistics. They measure the ebb and flow of great movements and tidal tendencies, and when we find schools established for the express purpose of teaching the art of design, it simply proves that we are being transformed from an agricultural into a manufacturing people; that, measuring ourselves with other nations at international exhibitions, we have found them head and shoulders above us in the artistic quality of their goods. These figures will show, exactly when we first awoke to the fact that the great need of this country was schools of technical education; and that the artisan must be also the artist.

In 1852, the ladies of New York established the Woman's Art School, under the auspices of the Cooper Union, to furnish women free instruction in the arts of design. The Free School of Art was founded by Peter Cooper in 1857, for the advancement of science and art; in 1870 the Ladies' Art Association, to advance the interests of women artists and art students, was founded by Mrs. Mary Strongitharm Pope and Mrs. Henry Peters Gray. In 1875 the advanced pupils of the National Academy of Design formed the Art Students' League, to afford facilities for high art training and promote fellowship among artists.

Outside of New York city, the state has the Vassar School of Design, which gives instruction in drawing, painting, and modeling; at Cornell University; courses in architecture and the mechanic arts; the art classes of the Brooklyn Art Association, and the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University.

With the exception of the Worcester county Free Institute of Industrial Science, founded by John Boynton, all the organized art interest of Massachusetts centers in Boston. In 1849 the Lowell Institute Drawing Classes gave elementary instruction in art. In 1872 the same trustees founded the Lowell School of Practical Design, especially for manufactures, for which there was then a market demand. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology had in 1861, a department of architecture. In 1873 was established the Normal Art School which, under the principalship of Prof. Walter Smith, state art director, has furnished so many trained teachers of industrial drawing. The School of Drawing and Painting connected with the Museum of Fine Arts, was founded by a permanent committee of citizens in 1876.

In 1848, the Maryland Institute established a school of art and design in Baltimore. Augustus R. Street, in 1864, founded the Yale School of the Fine Arts at New Haven.

The Manchester Art Association in New Hampshire, organized 1871, consists of two hundred and sixteen members, who work to "promote knowledge and skill in art."

The Pittsburg School of Design for Women, founded in 1865, was the first institution of the kind in the West. This was followed by the Art Schools of the Chicago Academy of Design in 1867, and the School of Design founded by the Art Association of San Francisco in 1873. Toledo has a University of Arts and Trades, founded by Jessup W. Scott, Susan Scott, and William Raymond, but the art work of Ohio is chiefly done in Cincinnati. Probably no school of design in the country is better known both East and West than that of the University of Cincinnati.

In St. Louis, in 1872, Conrad Diehl founded the St. Louis Art School, to give instruction in drawing and painting.

These statistics, which are compiled from the report of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior at Washington, extend only to August 1, 1877. Of all that has been done since then, of the various schools which have been established, and of the strong interest in art education which has followed the Centennial Exposition, the figures show nothing. The statistics for the last two years have not been gathered.

Of the thirty schools in this list, fourteen have been founded by private individuals, and five by artists and art associations. An art club is almost certain to work out into the organization of a school. Especially has this been the case since the Centennial. Five are founded by the trustees of the educational institutions of which they are a part. Two were founded by the city, and two by the state, while the remaining two were founded and owned by stockholders. The average age of admittance is sixteen, though in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women pupils are admitted at thirteen. The total number of pupils in attendance in these schools during the years 1876-1877, was 4558, of whom 3056 were males, and 1502 females.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT—ART IN NEEDLEWORK.

Boston, September, 1879.

YOU in New-York—the best of you, I had almost said—can have but a faint idea of the sense of loss that has fallen upon the community of artists and amateurs here with the death of Wm. Morris Hunt. He was in a way the elder brother of all the former, the local boast and pride of the latter, ever their sufficient answer to any sneering query such as "What does Boston art amount to?" Not that he was the man to put himself in the way of being heroized or toadied. Only a few of the elder generation of artists got very near to him, and his immediate pupils and adoring disciples were chiefly women whom the regular fraternity of mediocre painters scarcely admit as yet to belong to the profession. But all felt alike the inspiring, the protecting power of his influence. Even those whose style was condemned by his own, and who not seldom received a cut from the lash of his wit in his "Talks" or in the impetuous invectives that dropped from him in the clubs or in society, and were carried round by word of mouth, never thought of opposing his dicta. Such was the faith in his singleness of devotion to all that made for the due recognition of the ministrations of art, the worth and price of art and the dignity and honor of art—that they kissed the rod and were thankful for the existence among them of such a champion defender and exemplar of their calling. One of the best of these artists, who once or twice rebelled and declared he would not burn incense longer to Hunt, in a note before me says: "I can hardly think of anything else but poor Hunt's death. It is so terrible to lose such a spirit as his. My profession needs the most careful nursing at this time, and to lose one who could do so much as he towards building up a healthy respect for it is most fearful. I have suffered much of late, but it is as nothing compared to his death." I give you this private and genuine burst of grief as an example of the feeling among artists here. From it gather something of the service Hunt rendered art outside the work of his brush.

Boston dearly loves a great man that she can call her own. She may not understand him; but if she feels that he is great she values him as a satellite to "the Hub." Hunt was a man who knew his worth—not vain-gloriously, but with a profound and ardent conviction. There was no false modesty in his acceptance of the consideration accorded him, as there was no policy, no intriguing to secure it. He told me, on his return from his fatal triumph at Albany, having earned—and richly earned—in a few weeks as much money as most artists receive in as many years, that he had tried to beat it into the New York people's heads that they couldn't spend too much money on the right thing in art; it was not money but genius in art that was scarce in this country, and when the one was set against the other money was a mere drug and genius the rare gem that must command its own price. In the same way his magnificent and perfectly honest appreciation of himself and his art bore down with splendid scorn all higgling on the part of the aristocracy, and all patronizing on the part of the "bourgeoisie," in Boston. He named his price for a portrait or picture at \$1200 or \$1500 or \$2000, and in his great studio to-day they find but a score of paintings of all that he ever executed. The photographs of his portraits fill one lofty side of the spacious atelier, and the grace of a master-mind shines from every one of them. He was an autocrat at a dinner-table and asserted his equality with the most imposing banker or statesman or divine or merchant prince of them all. "I do not criticise the work I hire you to do for me; you shall not criticise the work I do for you," he would say to them. "My art condescends to do you a favor when it puts itself against your vulgar dollars," he would cry in the gay combats he was always waging in behalf of art. Everywhere and on all occasions he sought to let loose the golden streams to irrigate the field of art, not selfishly nor sordidly—for he never knew how to make or keep money beyond his immediate needs—but for the fostering of "art for art's sake" as the great thing needful for the completion of American civilization. Boston loves also to be governed by authorities of good, undoubted repute, and Hunt was her authority in art. He was once besought to give Harvard University a system of art teaching. But he would not brook the suggestion; he would not suffer it that art should appear as a handmaiden to philos-

ophy, not even at Harvard University. She must not be the mere incident of a great institution. She must be the whole institution herself or nothing. And so she is installed in the costly, beautiful and overflowing Museum of Fine Arts to-day with a flourishing set of professors and classes of bachelors all her own. In the noble discontent of his free, imperious spirit, Hunt was never satisfied with the honors accorded art here and himself as its foremost representative. But he *was* looked up to as few men in any walk ever are, and art, largely through his superb advocacy in work and teaching, has come to occupy the ambitions and aspiration of the cultured classes of Boston as letters did in past generations.

Such were Hunt's relations to the community in which he passed the best years of his prime, and in them are to be sought the reason for the bitter lamentation over him cut off in the very flower of his development and achievement. In the nearness in which he towers above all around him here, it is difficult to estimate his rank among the world's artists. Again the variousness of his production defies any attempt to classify him. He excelled as a portrait painter. What American has ever surpassed Hunt in the delineation of character? Yes, but did he not himself surpass this in his landscape? Who has ever interpreted the deep significance of nature with more intimate insight, more adequate force? But we forget his ideal figures, and his sweet sympathy with mood and sentiment in heads of women and of children. His style is sometimes found fault with by literal and petty criticism for flaws in drawing or finish. Enough of his work before which even this cavilling is silenced exists, to say nothing of his long academic training and apprenticeship in Europe, to prove that shortcomings in this direction were no consequence of lack of knowledge or skill. In the last published installment of his "Talks on Art" jotted down and preserved by his feminine Boswell, Hunt declares his fondness for *wit* in painting—that is (as he explains) for quick and condensed strokes of work, corresponding to the witty "mot" in speech, surprising by the swift completeness with which an effect is produced by some oddity or economy of means. No doubt Hunt sometimes sacrificed the cleanness and finish of his work to this impulse to accomplish it by a dash of wit. For himself he preferred it to any amount of slow and labored elucidation, and such was the fearless faith of the man in himself and in the right of the artist to be superior to the rest of mankind that he would not condescend to explain this wit to dullards.

I remember hearing and seeing him take in hand a young critic who rashly ventured to suggest that Hunt's fairly venerated friend and field-comrade, Jean François Millet, missed it in not choosing now and then more elevated subjects for his profoundly pathetic pictures than the coarse French clodhoppers he loved to paint. "My God, man, what is nobler than a man wrestling and wringing his bread from the stubborn soil by the sweat of brow and the break of his back for his wife and children!" cried Hunt with dilated eyes and trembling fist raised above his head as if to strike the trembling wretch to earth. Backing the impious objector to Millet's peasants about the studio he poured upon him a torrent of mingled eloquence and imprecation to the effect that true artists could not afford to waste their heart's-blood on blockheads who had neither eyes to see nor souls to feel. And this reminds me to say that rich as are the "Talks on Art" reported from the class of young ladies upon whom they were showered, no women's class could ever have obtained the full flavor and raciness of Hunt's rattling diatribes or inspired panegyrics. The real Hunt, they say, was best heard over a half dozen of beer in a studio or a bottle of "vin ordinaire" at the "table d'hôte" of a little French restaurant in a back street.

I cannot close this letter without referring to some needlework that has recently astonished and delighted us here, and it is not so violent a change of subject, either, as you might suppose, for Hunt is fabled to have once said of the lady who wrought it: "Miss Dixwell and I are the only artists really producing anything in America." This needlework is upon two panels for a screen or screens three feet, perhaps four, in height and a foot wide. Upon these silken canvases two beautiful landscapes are worked—I had almost said painted—with the needle. One is of a silver sea in morning light, the ocean extending flat in its varying tints to the mid-height of the panel, where it meets the sky, across which stretch a few still clouds equally bright. The wonder of the work is the immense distance and superficial area depicted in the ocean and the still further off con-